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Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

Flashback is published quarterly in the winter, spring, summer and autumn. Send all material for publication to the editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in *Flashback*. The editor retains the right to edit all submitted articles prior to publication.

Membership is invited of those interested in preservation of Washington County history. Annual dues for categories of membership are: Senior, Student, Public Library, \$15; General, \$25; Trail Blazer, \$50; Explorer, \$100; Wagon Master, \$250; Pioneer, \$500; Statesman, \$1,000; Empire Builder, \$5,000.

Members are mailed *Flashback* each quarter. Available past issues are \$6 each, postpaid. Add \$1 postage for issues printed in 1951 through February 1972. Web site: washcohistoricalsociety.org or headquartershouse.org.

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Washington County Historical Society

Preserving the Past for the Future

Volume 53

Summer 2003

Number 3

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SPIRITS OF THE PAST LIVE AGAIN AT HEADQUARTERS HOUSE

DR. NANCY HENDRICKS

Editor's note: A visit to Fayetteville by descendants of the first occupants of Headquarters House inspired this charming personal account by a long-time friend of the Washington County Historical Society, Dr. Nancy Hendricks.

We feel them most strongly by night. Perhaps they are always with us, but it is in the honeyed silence of the night that they so deeply stir our souls. Not ghosts exactly, or even spirits—more like a kind of friendly energy, a soft echo of life left by those who went before. We can feel it in old houses, the past homes of families who lived their lives within those walls, families so different yet still so much like our own. We feel it when long shadows give way to silky darkness, when shades of the past linger patiently in dark corners simply waiting to be revealed. And on some very special nights, the past, the present, and even the future come together so profoundly that it is impossible not to be moved by our ethereal connections as human beings.

Such a night took place on April 30, 2003, with the arrival of Louis and Ellen Galey Scher to Fayetteville. For 150 years, the spirits of the past had waited patiently for them to come home. It took a special place for such an event

Dr. Nancy Hendricks teaches at Arkansas State University, Jonesboro. She is a living history actor as well as writer and portrayed Matilda Tebbetts for this occasion.

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to happen. Northwest Arkansas is fortunate to have such a spot, nestled peacefully at 118 East Dickson in Fayetteville. It is commonly called Headquarters House, because during the Civil War both Union and Confederate armies used it as their headquarters during their occupation of Fayetteville. Today it is also the headquarters of the Washington County Historical Society, and it is as Headquarters House that it is known on historic registries and as part of the Civil War Trail. But there are those who prefer to think of it as the Tebbetts home, the place where Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Tebbetts lived a major part of their lives and raised their children during one of our country's most dramatic eras.

Built in 1853, Headquarters House celebrates its 150th birthday in the year 2003. The house miraculously survived the Battle of Fayetteville, which was fought on its front lawn in 1863. While the front door of the house was shattered by a minieball, the home somehow escaped destruction by cannonballs and burning to the ground like the structures all around it.

Today it is an oasis of calm and serenity amidst the bustle of twenty-first century life. Located at the busy intersection of College and Dickson, it is directly across the street from the new Washington County Courthouse. Drivers waiting in a line of cars for the traffic light to change or impatiently stalking a parking place in the crowded courthouse lot may catch a glimpse of the magnificent gardens, whose rich colors change with the season. Tended lovingly by the Northwest Arkansas Master Gardeners, they draw the eye to a flash of beauty before the driver moves on, once more caught up in present-day concerns. But for those

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fortunate enough to stop, the gardens surrounding Headquarters House are the first visual clue that something special lies within. And to those who know local history, it is miraculous that anything remains of the spot where the Battle of Fayetteville was fought in 1863, a battle fought literally on the home's front lawn.

As modern-day visitors climb the stone steps to the brick walkway, they are charmed by their first sight of the lovely house through the trees. Traffic noise and modern discord die away as the enchanting white Greek Revival home welcomes them. Today Headquarters House looks better than ever after its recent renovation, with fresh white paint restoring it to what it must have looked like in its prime. For it was the home to some of Fayetteville's most prominent citizens, people who helped write its history.

That story began in an unlikely place. Jonas March Tebbetts was born in 1820 on a frigid January morning in Rochester, New Hampshire. Though many children of that era did not survive infancy, perhaps the arctic blasts of that New England winter toughened baby Jonas for the eventful life that was to come. He was born only six years after the end of the War of 1812, less than forty years after the American Revolution. His school days were spent at New England's prestigious Phillips-Exeter Academy, where his roommate was the son of Daniel Webster, the famed orator and statesman. Young Jonas's first business venture brought him to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1836 at the age of seventeen. Soon he was selected to join the faculty of the old Western University, now the University of Pittsburgh.

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But the handsome young Jonas Tebbetts left the relative comforts of the East to brave the wild West, ultimately becoming a lawyer and a judge. He rode the circuit between Van Buren and Fayetteville, a seventeen-hour trip over the Boston Mountains. In Fayetteville he found something which made the arduous ride worthwhile—a sweet-faced fourteen-year-old girl named Matilda Winlock, who attended Miss Sophia Sawyer's school, the famed Fayetteville Female Seminary. Miss Winlock was known as a young lady of good family, having been raised on her grandfather's tobacco plantation in Kentucky. She was staying with the Stirman family while attending the prestigious school for girls. Attorney Tebbetts made a point of becoming acquainted with Dr. Stirman. The strategy was successful, as Jonas Tebbetts married Miss Matilda Winlock in 1847. They began their life together in Fayetteville, where their friends included Judge and Mrs. Lafayette Gregg and the Reverend Robert Graham.

Robert Graham was the highly distinguished pastor of Fayetteville's Christian Church under whose influence Arkansas College was born. Arkansas College was the first degree-conferring such institution in the state and was located approximately on the site of today's new Washington County Courthouse at College and Dickson. In fact, it is for Arkansas College that Fayetteville's College Avenue was named. And there are those who say that because of its tradition of education, with such prestigious early schools such as Miss Sawyer's and Arkansas College, the unlikely town of Fayetteville was chosen to be home of what later became the state's premier institution of higher learning, the University of Arkansas.

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The land for Arkansas College was in a beautiful grove, where sites were also set aside for houses to be built for the college president and, directly across the street, for his friend Jonas Tebbetts. The two homes were built on the same Greek Revival floor plan, with lovely white columns in front and a large central hallway surrounded by an equal number of rooms on both sides, creating a charming symmetry. In 1853 Jonas and his wife Matilda, lovingly called Miss Mat, moved into their home at 118 East Dickson, where they raised their family.

A son, Clinton Hale Tebbetts, was joined by Jonas and Matilda's three girls who were born in Fayetteville, Marian, Lillian, and Anna, also called Annie. Marian Tebbetts was born in 1849 and was a young teen during the tumultuous Civil War. It was in her later years that this same daughter Marian gave us a remarkable gift by writing a journal of the story of the Tebbetts family and their life in Fayetteville, Arkansas. She recalls that other Tebbetts children followed regularly, in the pattern of the era.

In her *Journal* she recalls a happy day at the Tebbetts's Fayetteville home: "On the 3rd of December, 1856, a beautiful girl baby was born. There was much controversy as to what she should be named. For a while it was Ellen, but that degenerated into Ellie and was abandoned. . . . It is not known when, why and how the name finally settled on was Lillian—Lillian Tebbetts."

The Tebbetts family became one of Fayetteville's most prominent. Jonas Tebbetts left a tremendous legacy to Northwest Arkansas through his tireless belief in education. His name appears on the charter of Arkansas College, and as

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one of the original trustees, his name is on the first diplomas of the school—the first degrees granted by any college in the state. A man of foresight who recognized the rewards of education for women, he also helped to establish the Fayetteville Female Institute in 1858.

The name of Jonas Tebbetts can be found on many old title abstracts in Fayetteville, as he owned many of the town's most desirable properties. In 1854 he was one of the three commissioners named to let the contract for a new county courthouse.

His named lived on in other ways as well. In the days when a large number of hill-country people could not read or write, Jonas Tebbetts helped many early settlers in Northwest Arkansas obtain legal title to their land. The families were grateful to this gracious country lawyer and often named their sons Jonas after Attorney Tebbetts. As Marian's *Journal* says, "The mountains were full of them."

Tebbetts was also a state legislator and chief clerk of the Arkansas House of Representatives. He was a friend of Governor Thomas Drew, who not only appointed Jonas one of his staff but also bestowed on him the honorary rank of colonel, a title which would figure in a notable communication during the Civil War then brewing.

In addition to Robert Graham, one of Jonas Tebbetts's closest life-long friends was the second president of Arkansas College, Rev. William Baxter. Unfortunately, Mr. Baxter was also the last president the college. The tragedy of the Civil War was about to descend upon the peaceful little town of Fayetteville. In its wake, Arkansas College, along

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with the home built by Robert Graham across the street from the Tebbetts's, burned to the ground, never to rise again.

With death and destruction all around it, the peaceful Tebbetts home itself was soon rocked by the cataclysm of war. Jonas Tebbetts, born in New Hampshire, was a strong supporter of the Union. Though his wife came from an aristocratic southern family and though he had lived a good part of his life in the South, Jonas Tebbetts was unswerving in his support for the Union, proudly flying the United States flag at his home. It was honest, it was courageous, and it was almost his undoing.

The home at 118 East Dickson was one of the finest in Fayetteville, and as both Union and Confederate troops alternately occupied the town, they commandeered the house as their headquarters. Even in wartime, Miss Mat did not forget her manners. It was said that "the aristocratic lady shamed the soldiers sent by General McCulloch to demand the blankets and rugs in the Tebbetts home. She had the blankets and rugs cleaned before delivering them to the Southern troops who occupied the town."

Soon after, Union troops took the town, and their commander, General Asboth, made his headquarters in the Tebbetts home. However, the Federal troops were then sent away to Missouri and McCulloch's Confederates returned. Rev. William Baxter vividly recalls what happened next: "The day after Asboth's departure, two or three troopers rode up and arrested Tebbetts, at whose house the flag was found which floated in triumph for a few days, and where General Asboth had made his headquarters." Tebbetts was taken to a Confederate military prison to await hanging as a traitor to

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the South. As Baxter notes, "News of the arrest spread and friends rallied to his aid, including a number of Confederates who interceded for him." But he was sentenced to be hanged as soon as General McCulloch returned from Pea Ridge.

Here history took a turn of the greatest irony. General McCulloch was fatally wounded at the Battle of Pea Ridge and his body brought to Fort Smith. It was said that McCulloch was shot in the chest, with the bullet passing entirely through his body. The ball was retrieved from his clothing and given to Judge Tebbetts, who was then released to return home to Fayetteville. The bullet that killed General McCulloch had saved Jonas Tebbetts. A grandson recalls the judge showing him the bullet when he was an old man. What a remarkable true story to pass along to a grandchild!

After his release, Tebbetts gathered his family to plan their escape from the dangerous region of Northwest Arkansas. They were assisted in leaving Fayetteville by Union general John M. Schofield. In an interesting sidelight to history, this same General Schofield was a West Point graduate and career army man whose name was significant in another great American struggle. After the Civil War, in 1872, General Schofield visited Hawaii and recognized the strategic importance of a pretty lagoon named Pearl Harbor in the defense of the United States. In recognition of his military foresight, Schofield Barracks, the army base at Pearl Harbor, was named for him. Schofield Barracks was to become a household name on December 7, 1941, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in the opening salvo to World War II.

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Jonas Tebbetts and his family fled Fayetteville in disguise in the back of a Union Army ambulance and eventually reached safety in the North. In their travels they lived near St. Louis in a place aptly called Exilia. They also lived in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, a town in the beautiful country between Louisville and Lexington, where their home was adjacent to what later became the famous Beaumont Inn.

Jonas Tebbetts was usually referred to by the family simply as the Judge, a title he had gained while a young jurist in Northwest Arkansas. For thirty years he practiced law and sometimes wrote for the newspaper. Sadly, Miss Mat died in 1893.

Around the turn of the century, an oilman from Pittsburgh named John Galey visited Harrodsburg in order to purchase an oil lease on some land which was owned by Tebbetts. Instead, John Galey fell in love with Jonas's daughter Lillian. Family members note that Jonas sent son Hale to Pittsburgh to learn more about John Galey. There Hale found Galey to be a pioneer oil producer in the Pennsylvania fields. Hale succinctly telegraphed home: "Tell Lil to take him."

Lillian married John Galey in her father's home at Harrodsburg. After the wedding Judge Tebbetts lived as a widower for many years with Lillian and John's family in Pittsburgh. Ironically, Lillian's marriage to Galey brought her father back to the place where he had begun his professional life in 1836 at age seventeen, at which time he was the youngest faculty member of the old Western University.

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As Lillian's children grew, they recalled the Judge helping them with their lessons, including Greek and Latin, which he still read fluently without the help of eyeglasses. He still wrote for the local newspaper. His grandchildren recalled memorable moments talking with the Judge when they were children. Something that enlivened their history lessons was hearing that Jonas had been personally acquainted with a lady who had watched none other than George Washington make his way to his inauguration as our first President, with the lady even tossing flowers in his path.

Photos of this era reveal the Judge in his later years as tall and handsome with striking white hair and a long beard. As the family grew, photos show large lawn parties, with the elderly Judge and grown daughter Lillian also strikingly attractive even in old age.

Twenty years after his wife's death, Jonas Tebbetts died at the home of his daughter Lillian in Pittsburgh. The man who had lived such an eventful life, who narrowly escaped execution in the Civil War, and who was so important to the history of Fayetteville, passed away at age ninety-four in the year 1913 during January, the month of his birth. Until the time of his death he was still contributing to the community and was known as Pittsburgh's oldest newspaperman. Judge Tebbetts was laid to rest beside his wife in Harrodsburg.

In the following years daughter Marian wrote a journal which was to bring Fayetteville's history and the Tebbetts family to life. Marian married a Union soldier named Banes "on his death-bed." After John Galey died in 1918, the Tebbetts sisters, Lillian and Marian, lived together in Carthage, Missouri, where John had had mining interests.

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Lillian Tebbetts, who had been five years old at the start of the Civil War, died in 1930 and was buried at Rose Hill Cemetery in Tulsa. Her sister Marian, who had been twelve years old during the Civil War, kept writing in her journal through the early days of World War II. She died in 1943 and was buried beside her sister Lillian. The original members of the Tebbetts family who had been so important to Fayetteville were gone.

One of Lillian's sons, Ted Galey, followed his father into the oil business. Ted and his wife, Ruth Malsbury Galey, had a daughter who was born six months after the death of Ted's mother. The new baby was named Ellen, the name Lillian had originally been given by her parents. Ellen Galey became a citizen of the world while her father was in the oil business. Living in London as a child during World War II, she saw the explosions at Dunkirk illuminating the sky over the English Channel. The family evacuated from wartime England to Caracas, Venezuela, where Ellen lived from 1940 to 1984. During this time she wrote for the newspaper, the *Journal* of Caracas, carrying on a family tradition which began with her Great-Grandfather Tebbetts. She married oilman Louis Scher, a graduate of the Colorado School of Mines, who also worked in Caracas. While living in Caracas both as a girl and as a married woman, she returned periodically to the United States, attended Sweetbriar College, and heard family tales of relatives such as Aunt Bit.

Aunt Bit was the affectionate name the family called Marian Tebbetts Banes, who wrote the wonderful *Journal*, which so vividly brings to life ante-bellum Fayetteville and the events of the Civil War. It is Marian's *Journal* which is



Lillian Tebbetts Gale with her sons, Harry, left, and Ted. (Courtesy Ellen Gale Scher and David Huff).



Left to right, Harry, Ted, and Lillian Tebbetts Galey (Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher and David Huff).



Lillian Tebbetts Galey with her sons, Harry, left, and Ted (Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher and David Huff).



Marian Tebbetts Banes, standing, with sister Lillian seated on her left. Jonas M. Tebbetts is the gentleman with a white beard and wearing a vest (Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher and David Huff.)

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a cornerstone of the Washington County Historical Society and its stewardship of Headquarters House. But other family heirlooms also came to embellish the Tebbetts family legacy, including rare old photographs, an original oil painting, and a remarkable letter written to Matilda Tebbetts during her family's darkest hour during the Civil War in 1862.

DeeDee Lamb, director of historic programs for the Washington County Historical Society, made it a point to seek out Tebbetts descendants, including Lillian's descendant Thomas Galey of Boulder, Colorado. The family had already very generously donated several items to Headquarters House, including the Tebbetts family silver, monogrammed with the initial "T." Lamb and Galey visited by telephone, and she mentioned to him that the Washington County Historical Society was reprinting Marian Tebbetts's *Journal* and including photos of living history actors portraying the Tebbetts family.

Galey mentioned other family members, but Lamb was unable to track them down until one memorable day when a book order arrived in the mail at Headquarters House. Ellen Galey Scher, of Asheville, North Carolina, had heard about the new volume of Marian's *Journal* and placed an order. Lamb immediately contacted Mrs. Scher and invited her and her husband to Fayetteville. History was about to be made at Headquarters House once more.

Louis and Ellen Scher drove from Asheville to Fayetteville, arriving on the afternoon of April 30, 2003. Lamb and WCHS president Ann Sugg put together a delightful agenda of programs to honor their two-day visit. Coincidentally, as the Schers arrived at Headquarters House,

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a house tour and living history program were in progress for tourism officials from around the state of Arkansas. The Schers were able to see first-hand from the moment of their arrival how significant their ancestral home is to Fayetteville and Northwest Arkansas.

Soon after their arrival, Fayetteville photographer David Huff was contacted and immediately came to Headquarters House. The Schers had brought with them some rare old glass photographic plates containing historic pictures of the Tebbetts family in later years. Mr. Huff was delighted with the quality of the photographic plates, which had been carefully preserved, and hurried back to his office at Bob's Studio of Photography, where he worked overnight to develop the photographs.

The Schers were given some time to rest after their long journey at the home of Bob and DeeDee Lamb. Then an evening began which was one of the most significant and moving in the 150-year-old history of Headquarters House.

All day women in nineteenth-century costumes had been cooking over an open fire on the grounds of Headquarters House. Under the direction of Janice Neighbor and taking care not to set fire to their long skirts (as so often happened to nineteenth-century women), the cooks prepared an authentic Civil War-era feast of roast quail with dressing, sweet potatoes, green beans, and pinched rolls with butter, followed by both apple and cherry cobbler for dessert. All of it cooked outside under the April sun, all of it cooked over an open fire, all of it prepared in period costumes.

As if the tantalizing aroma of cooking over an open fire were not enough, guests were beckoned to dinner

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accompanied by the strains of an ante-bellum local favorite, "The Fayetteville Polka," along with other historical tunes as violinist Babbette Goodman strolled the central hallway of the house, charming the dinner guests with her music.

Small circular tables were set up inside Headquarters House, where WCHS board members and special guests were able to visit with each other and meet the Schers. Judge and Mrs. David Newbern drove to Fayetteville from Little Rock for the event. Mrs. Newbern had painstakingly prepared the historical information which provides the basis for the tour of Headquarters House and its museum-quality furnishings.

C. W. Webb of Springdale, noted collector of Civil War artifacts, visited with the guests in the period costume of a Confederate soldier and shared his knowledge of the artifacts. Nancy Hendricks, who had also come from out of town for the event, was in nineteenth-century dress as Matilda Tebbetts, the lady of the house. Young ladies Haley Hanna and Keely Bowen wore children's costumes of the period as they shared the role of young Lillian, daughter of Mrs. Tebbetts (and grandmother of Ellen Galey Scher). The children even played a nineteenth-century game with hoops called "The Graces" and gave a charming recitation of a poem, "All the Cats Came to Tea." Anne Hanna, real-life grandmother of Haley and wife of former Fayetteville mayor Fred Hanna, thanked DeeDee Lamb for her wonderful work in bringing Mrs. Scher's family to life, noting that Mayor Hanna's family had once lived in the Tebbetts home.

After dinner the group gathered by candlelight in what had once been the Tebbetts dining room. There, in a living history presentation, Matilda Tebbetts came to life. In a

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moving moment, the actress playing Mrs. Tebbetts was able to speak to not only the young Lillian seated in the room, but also her real-life great-granddaughter. Near tears, she welcomed Ellen Scher home.

It was an evening to cherish.

The next morning, there was a press conference at Headquarters House featuring WCHS President Ann Sugg and DeeDee Lamb, WCHS director of historic programs. They welcomed members of the news media who attended and began the program by introducing photographer David Huff, who revealed the work he had completed the night before—developing photographs from the glass-plate negatives, which were over a hundred years old. The pictures were strikingly clear and showed members of the Tebbetts and Galey families, including Jonas and daughter Lillian in their later years.

WCHS Board member Judy Brittenum spoke of the Schers's generosity in donating pieces of period furniture to Headquarters House and underscored the group effort involved in bringing them to Fayetteville. She thanked her colleague Jim Pitts, whose journey took him to Asheville, North Carolina, to pick up the large pieces of furniture and bring them to Headquarters House.

The significant family furniture donated by the Schers included a lovely Edwardian settee with carved pineapple design and an Edwardian desk table. Other items donated include a funeral service card for one of the younger Tebbetts children, Anna "Annie" Tebbetts dated July 21, 1883, as well as the funeral service card for Mrs. J. M. "Miss Mat" Tebbetts, dated September 5, 1893.

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There was also a charming floral-patterned china plate, hand-painted by Lillian Tebbetts, and coral beads worn by Lillian Tebbetts as a child. Also donated were outstanding rare photographs of Jonas Tebbetts, Lillian Tebbetts Galey and Anna Tebbetts.

All of the donations are of great significance to Headquarters House and the history of Fayetteville. However, if any one item were to be singled out for special significance, it might arguably be the remarkable original oil painting of Jonas March Tebbetts in his later years. The distinguished conservation expert, Rick Parker, spoke about the condition and importance of the donations.

Northwest Arkansas is fortunate to have a world-class Smithsonian conservation expert nearby. With offices in Gentry, Rick Parker is senior conservator and owner of Parker Conservation, Inc., and is also a staff member of the Smithsonian Institution's Furniture Conservation Training program. A professional associate of the American Institute for Conservation, he travels extensively both across the nation and around the world. He is a noted conservator of individual pieces and entire collections.

In his professional judgment, the pieces donated to Headquarters House are most significant, particularly the original oil painting of Jonas Tebbetts, which Parker felt came from a highly skilled painter whose name research may yet reveal. While the portrait has suffered the ravages of time and is cracked and peeling in places, the face of Jonas Tebbetts is surprisingly intact. Probably painted from life, it shows a man in his older years with striking white hair and a long beard but remarkably free from wrinkles except for

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laugh lines around the eyes—perhaps the secret of a long and successful life.

Mr. Parker also noted the historical significance of another item donated, an original Civil War letter to Mrs. Tebbetts. Not only is it a rare and excellent sample of an actual letter written during our country's most turbulent era, it shows how Northwest Arkansas citizens were torn in having to choose between the North and the South. The touching letter, apparently from one of the Confederate soldiers who had arrested Judge Tebbetts, reveals the respect that even enemy soldiers had for him. It reads in its entirety as follows:

Fort Boston Mountain
Feb 28th 1862

Mrs Tebbetts
Dear Madam

I accompanied Col Tebbetts down to Head Quarters at Strickland last night, did every thing in my power to have him pleasantly situated under military regulations, he is held as a Prisoner but will be released I have no doubt in the course of a day or two and return to his house. I condole with you & family in your distressful and unpleasant situation. If you have any communication to the Col I will take pleasure in having it conveyed to him. In haste I am your friend
Ben T. Embrey

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A most evocative letter, both valuable historically and touchingly human.

Living history presentations continued to bring the Tebbetts family to life. Barbara Rutledge read movingly from the *Journal of Marian Tebbetts Banes*, including an account of an ante-bellum breakfast ritual which took place in the Tebbetts household each day in the very room where the group was sitting (the Tebbetts children entering decorously, bowing and saying, "Good morning, Papa. Good morning, Mama").

Miss Cherry Evans brought to life Sally Yeater, a spirited Confederate girl who was a witness to the Battle of Fayetteville, fleeing from the Tebbetts home where she lived in 1863 to a small house across the street, where they survived the conflagration. It was pointed out that Miss Yeater later married one of the "hated" soldiers who "wore blue." Their home for over fifty years was diagonally across from Headquarters House.

Miss Tina Korbe brought to life the fourteen-year-old Marian, describing the moment she discovered the piano which her parents had bought and which had made the arduous journey from New York to New Orleans by boat, then up the Mississippi to the Arkansas River and over the Boston Mountain by oxcart. A replica of this piano can be seen today in the parlor of Headquarters House. "Marian" also recited a poem, "Stand By the Flag," in tribute to Jonas Tebbetts, who was a proud supporter of the United States, even when it almost cost his life.

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The Most Reverend Daniel Bannan and Dr. Nancy Hendricks then appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Tebbetts. They spoke of the agonizing choices which had to be made by the aristocratic southern lady and her husband from New Hampshire, leading ultimately to their exile in the North, never to return again to their beloved home in Fayetteville. However, both expressed profound gratitude that their great-granddaughter Ellen Scher was able to return to the 150-year-old Tebbetts home.

As important as the official programs were which welcomed the Schers and recognized their generous donations of Tebbetts family heirlooms, there was a quiet portion of their visit which yielded a wealth of information about the Tebbetts family and revealed their human side.

For Mrs. Scher had brought the historic family photo albums, with rare photographs over a hundred years old. She generously took the time to describe each picture and provide an incredible amount of insight into the family which means so much to WCHS and Northwest Arkansas.

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Marian Tebbetts Banes, left, and Lillian Tebbetts Galey, in Pittsburgh
(Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher and David Huff).

She pointed out pictures of Lillian in her later years, including rare photos with her father Jonas Tebbetts, sister Marian Tebbetts Banes (author of the *Journal*) and even brother Hale Tebbetts. Lillian was a beautiful lady throughout her old age, with a lovely slender figure and bright eyes. Though the picture of Lillian and Marian was taken in their later years, one can see the love the sisters had for each other and the strength it must have taken to survive the Civil War and the loss of their beloved home in Fayetteville.

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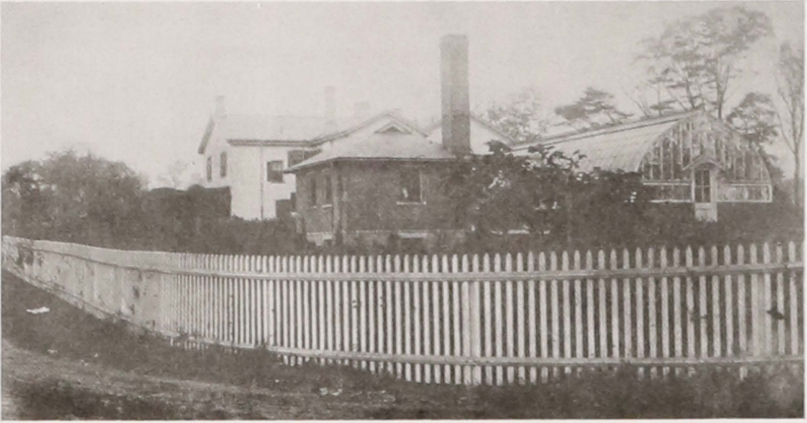
Most striking are the photos of Jonas Tebbetts. Well into his nineties, he is tall, handsome and vibrant with bright white hair and long beard. It is not hard to see the handsome man he was in his forties, the age of a portrait of him which currently hangs in the central hallway at Headquarters House, painted from a nineteenth-century photo by noted Fayetteville artist Jane Garrison.

Another touching photo was of three adjacent gravestones in Rose Hill Cemetery in Tulsa. The inscriptions read: Harry Winlock Galey, (one of Lillian's sons, whose middle name was a tribute to the beloved Miss Mat), Lillian Tebbetts Galey (who died in 1930) and Marian Tebbetts Banes (who lived until 1943, when she was still writing the *Journal* which is so vital to the Washington County Historical Society and Headquarters House).

Speaking of houses, there was a photo of a house in Beaver, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, a rambling farm house where Lillian had lived. In one shot, an African-American lady, a former slave who had remained with the Tebbetts family, poses proudly by the front porch. As happy as the occupants were said to be, the house bore the alarming name "Windy Ghoul," an appellation which understandably stuck in the mind of the young Ellen Scher. Apparently the wind blew fiercely through the cracks in the house, making a ghoulish "whoooooo" sound.

At Windy Ghoul, the nonconformist Lillian not only raised prize chrysanthemums, which might well have been done by ladies of the day, but also maintained a chemistry lab in the basement—something which most assuredly was not.

FLASHBACK



Windy Ghoul, the Tebbetts home in Pittsburgh. Note Lillian's greenhouse (Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher).

There was a touching photo of Jonas Tebbetts with his grandsons in the year 1902. Still handsome and distinguished with his snow-white hair and long beard at age eighty-two, the Judge was photographed while reading to the boys. Mrs. Scher noted that both boys had long hair, as was the custom of the day. Generally, it was not cut until about age eight or nine, when the boys of the era were also first dressed in boys' clothes.

A charming series of photographs came from the same period, around the early 1900s, when the family took an excursion to Florida. Palm trees are clearly seen in the background, with some of the vacationers in light-colored holiday clothes— except for the Judge, who still wore his black suit, black vest, and tie even in the tropics. As he is seen in the portrait which hangs in the central hallway of Headquarters House, the Judge appeared to always dress in a distinguished, formal fashion, even on vacation in Florida!



Jonas Tebbetts in Florida (Courtesy Ellen Galey Scher).

Mrs. Scher recalled hearing stories about the Judge in his later years. In Harrodsburg, Jonas Tebbetts spread a flyer telling about the death of President McKinley. This was in the days before daily newspapers and other news media, so as the newspaperman he was, the Judge obviously felt it was his place to inform his neighbors of the events in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Scher also recalled hearing of a lighter side to the Judge. While living in Fayetteville before the Civil War, Jonas Tebbetts and a friend were walking around the square

FLASHBACK

in Fayetteville when the Judge wished to make a point about the gullibility of people in general. Looking up and pointing to the sky, the Judge was soon joined by other townspeople who began doing the same thing, muttering, “Yes, I see it too!”—no doubt to the delight of Judge Tebbetts, who had made his point.

There was a photo of brother Harry in what Mr. and Mrs. Scher called “the famous chair,” an ornately carved piece with feet shaped like hooves. It was suggested that it might make its home at Headquarters House one day. Close inspection reveals a carved signature under the chair’s right arm, which appears to be that of Brustallone, who was noted for crafting similar chairs for the pope’s chambers in the Vatican.

There was also a wistful old photograph of Headquarters House, probably taken around the 1920s, when it was used by various local families as a private home. Perhaps one of the Tebbetts descendants had made a pilgrimage to Fayetteville to see what had become of their ancestral home, hurriedly left behind in the turmoil of war in the century before.

There was an unusual stereoscope (two adjoining pictures made for optical viewing) of Lillian with the Galey daughter who later in life married one Mr. Coleman, a familiar-enough name except that this particular Mr. Coleman was the inventor of Coleman lanterns, stoves and other types of outdoor gear that are today household names.

And always in the wonderful old photos of the Tebbetts-Galey family there are cats—gray cats, white cats, tiger cats and tabbies —being held lovingly by family members or simply appearing on the sidelines for a photo opportunity. In

SPIRITS OF THE PAST AT HEADQUARTERS HOUSE

choosing "All the Cats Came to Tea" for the girls portraying Marian and Lillian to recite, had DeeDee Lamb been gently guided in her selection by a friendly spirit?

If so, the friendly spirits which look lovingly on Headquarters House must have enjoyed April 30, 2003, as much as the guests who warmly welcomed Louis and Ellen Scher. After all, it took 150 years. For here was the great-granddaughter of Jonas and Matilda Tebbetts in the home the young couple had so proudly built in 1853. Here was Ellen, the granddaughter of Lillian Tebbetts, herself originally called Ellen, who had been born in the house. Here was the direct descendant of the family which was so important to Fayetteville but which was forced to abandon the home they loved to escape the hatreds of the Civil War.

When Louis and Ellen Scher stepped through the door of Headquarters House, the Tebbetts family had come home.

A GOOD DEED REMEMBERED

SUSANNAH HANDY PORTER

The following was published in a local newspaper circa 1900–1920. Samuel Hugh Rogers was born February 12, 1855, near Prairie Grove and died there in 1934. Rogers was a prosperous farmer. He and Clementine Marrs married in 1880 and had eleven children. Mrs. Marrs was a daughter of Brooks Marrs, who was one of the first settlers of Washington County. Her brother, Samuel Ervin Marrs, was owner and publisher of the Fayetteville Democrat for thirty years beginning in 1883.

JUDGE TRAVELS MANY MILES TO THANK
BENEFACTOR: FORMER SOLDIER, NOW A
CANADIAN JURIST, VISITS OLD BATTLEFIELD
PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK.

March 18 ("World's Own Service")

Ten years or so ago a large sedan bearing a Canadian license drove into this quiet little Arkansas town. A big, portly man stepped from it and asked to be directed to someone who had taken part in the Battle of Prairie Grove during the Civil War.

Samuel H. Rogers, standing nearby spoke up. "I wasn't in the battle," he said, "but I carried water to the wounded next day."

Susannah Adair Handy Porter is a granddaughter of Samuel Hugh and Clementine Rogers. She lives in Fayetteville.

A GOOD DEED REMEMBERED

The visitor was immediately interested. When Rogers told him that he, a little boy then, and a playmate had carried water all day to the battle victims, tears came into the eyes of the big Canadian and he threw his arms around Rogers.

"You saved my life," he kept saying over and over. "You saved my life." Rogers, telling the story the other day said, "Darn if it wasn't all I could do to keep him from kissing me."

AND THIS IS THE STORY OF SAMUEL ROGERS AND THE CANADIAN

Young Samuel was seven years old when the Battle of Prairie Grove was fought Sunday, December 6, 1862. He was not allowed to go to Sunday School on account of the impending battle, so when the fighting started, Samuel and his family took to the cellar. All night long they stayed there, listening apprehensively to the racket, and the roar and the shouting. The battle was so near that often they would hear the rattle of the musketry above the thunder of the artillery.

The battle ceased at sundown, while the Federals returned to Fayetteville and the Confederates to Fort Smith, both sides claiming to be the victor.

Early the next morning young Samuel and his companion, Ren Border, who now lives in Missouri, went to the battle field. Here they found the grim reality of war. Over the shell-swept territory of five acres lay the dead, some on top of others, while the wounded begged for water—water. All night long the blue and the grey had lain together, suffering from the wounds and a biting wind. Three thousand of them had died.

FLASHBACK

The two little boys quickly gathered four canteens apiece, each holding half a gallon, filled them with water from a spring a quarter of a mile away, and hastened back to the wounded. The soldiers would drink all that was given them in one gulp and plead for more. Often they would be dead when the second round was made. The flags of both armies were waving in the breeze, while the aid was being given to the weak and trenches were being dug for a burial place.

All day long until dark, little Samuel carried water to the soldiers, thus becoming a hero in the eyes of the wounded of both armies. Little did he think at that time that he would ever meet again one of the northern soldiers whose life he had saved.

Nor did he until the Canadian made the long trip down for [*sic*] North to see if he could find at least one of the boys he had never forgotten. Rogers said, "This man was one of one hundred Canadians who took part in the engagement. We visited the battlefield and he remarked that he could go almost to the identical spot where he had been shot through both hips. He was a Supreme Court judge living in Ottawa and he wanted me to go home with him. I thought he would never get through thanking me for giving him water."

In spite of his age, Mr. Rogers steps about sprightly. "I can't get old," he says, "for I am a doctor's son and have to be ready for any emergency."

CONVERSATION WITH ARLIE AND THEALDA PENNINGTON

GRETCHEN GEARHART

Editor's note: The following interview took place July 8, 2003, at the Pennington home in Springdale, Arkansas. Arlie Pennington developed one of the largest home-building operations in the area. In 2002 he was a recipient of the Washington County Historical Society's Distinguished Citizen Award for his contributions to the Society and to the community.

GG: I guess we should go back to the beginning. What is your full name?

AP: O.K. It's James Arlie.

GG: Where were you born?

AP: I was born near Georgetown in Madison County in 1924.

GG: What were your parents' names?

AP: My dad's name was John Bristo. My mom's name was Myrtle Howard.

GG: Did you have brothers and sisters?

AP: I had a sister before I came along. She died when she was about two years old. I think she had some sort of dysentery. My brother was older than I. His name is Lee. Actually it's Levi but he goes by Lee.

GG: Where does he live?

AP: Springdale.

GG: And he's older than you?

AP: Yes, he's about two and one-half years older.

GG: When did you move to Washington County?

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AP: When I was about three years old. Now I'd like to mention my grandfather. His name was Aaron. About my earliest memory is of the time he was driving with me in a wagon and the wagon turned over. I remember how upset he was—afraid I was hurt. But the thing that amazes me is that he was in the Civil War. And it doesn't seem possible that I could have a grandfather that was involved in the Civil War. I'm just too young for that. He was on the Northern side, the Union side. He was from the eastern part of Kentucky. He had ten kids, five boys and five girls, that he brought here from eastern Kentucky. When they left Kentucky in the early 1880s, they started out for California. But they got over in western Oklahoma and when they saw all that flat land, being hunters, I think they got disgusted with all that flat land and remembered these mountains over here and they just turned around and came back and settled in Madison County. Some people wouldn't appreciate the fact that my granddaddy was a Yankee. I can't help where my granddad was born (laughter). My brother and I were raised in our pre-teens and early teens in the Depression years. Everyone was having a tough time back then. We helped support the family—our dad was 80 percent blind. Some of the things we did to help out were: we milked about eighteen cows two times a day at the Grade A Dairy at Mt. Comfort. We were paid \$1.25 a week for both of us. We bought food with that. We didn't get to spend it foolishly. We would get a twenty-pound sack of flour, some sugar and a pound of shortening, things like that. We hunted small game, rabbits and squirrels. A box of 22-shells cost fifteen cents. We planted corn and worked in a

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS

canning factory in Elkins, where we lived for about three years.

GG: Where else did you live in Washington County?

AP: Mount Comfort. We lived about five or six different locations out there. Some of the places we lived most people wouldn't consider to be livable

TP: Like berry sheds. And the snow would come in on them at night.

AP: Well, now, I remember one place where we lived where the shingles would curl up sometimes, and you could see daylight through there. I remember a few mornings when my brother and I got up and had to shake the snow off the bed.

GG: That toughened you, didn't it.

AP: I guess so.

TP: They walked from Mount Comfort to Fayetteville barefoot. .

AP: I remember walking on Saturday nights to a farm house on what is now Appleby Road to hear the Grand Ole Opry on the radio.

GG: You were able to go to school?

AP: Of formal education, I had only through the fifth grade. We moved about twenty-eight times by the time I was about fifteen. And then I went in to the CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] and worked at Devil's Den. My father thought that if you could read and write and you live right, the Lord would take care of you. That was his theory.

TP: And he really believed in that. He read the Bible through I don't know how many times, even though he had to hold it close to his eyes and read through those thick glasses.

FLASHBACK

AP: He was a real good old guy. In his last months he seemed to be looking forward to dying. I just hope I can be that confident when that time comes for me. I doubt if I can.

GG: Where did you go to school?

AP: Mount Comfort mainly. My first year—you'll appreciate this—was at Bugtussle. It's out southeast of town—a little country school called Bugtussle. People three or four miles out east of town would know about it. It's on Black Oak Road east of the West Fork of the White River. That one-room school is where I went my first year. I never will forget when the teacher put some letters on the blackboard for us to copy, and I was working trying to get them just right and she came up and said, "You don't have to get them exactly right, just kind of close."

GG: That was probably a hint at your future career. In building you don't want it just close, you want it just right.

TP: That's right, exactly.

AP: I feel you need to do things right and you need to treat people right. And I think the good Lord has helped us a lot.

GG: What did you do in the CCC?

AP: I worked on the grounds around the pavilion and on a second dam which was never finished. Usually my job was to drive a truck. When I left the CCC I took a sheet metal course in a government program. Then they got me a job in Providence, Rhode Island. I had to have \$15 in my pocket before they would let me go. So I borrowed the \$15 and went by train to Providence. My job was operating a turning lathe for Brown & Sharp Tool Machine Manufacturers. Then World War II came along, and I went into the army.

GG: Where did you serve?

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS

AP: I served thirty-two months in the South Seas—New Guinea and the Philippines—with the Army Corps of Engineers. Again I was a truck driver. We made lumber from mahogany for bridges and docks.

TP: Tell them how when you got out of the service you went to school at night and worked in the daytime.

AP: Well, they had a program for returning veterans to teach them a trade. Before that my brother and I decided we were going to get into the trucking business. We knew Henry Burnett at Ozark Forest Products, so we went over and talked to him. He said that if we got a truck we could haul logs. We had a hard time finding a truck. We found an old used truck and we went to work hauling logs. He was paying us a penny a board foot. With the size truck we had, a so-called two-ton truck, you could haul about eight-hundred board feet a trip from five miles east of Elkins to Ozark Forest Products in Fayetteville. We got eight dollars a load. My brother and I would be in the woods in time to load up at daylight. Sometimes we'd get three loads in. But sometimes a tire blew out or the truck needed fixing. It soon became apparent that we weren't going to make a living at this work. I ran into an old carpenter here in Fayetteville. He told me he was trying to get a class started on carpentry. He suggested I join the carpenters' union and learn to be a carpenter. So I decided to let my brother have the truck. Between us we had a truck and a car. So I took the car and he went ahead and hauled the logs. I went to school two nights a week. It was like a vocational school, but it was just a program the government had for returning veterans. After I completed that and was working as a full-fledged carpenter in the 1950s,

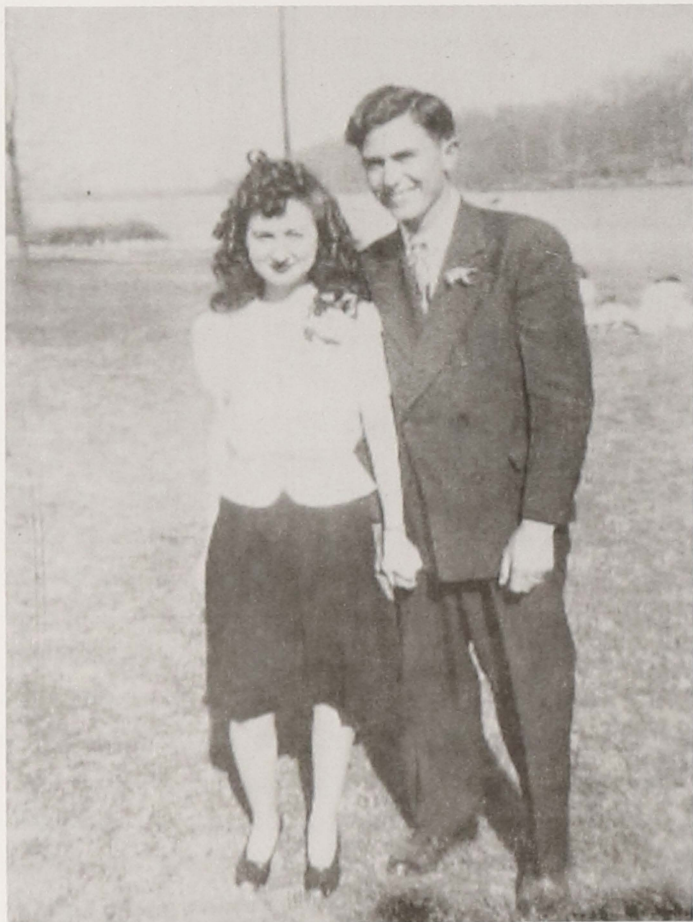
FLASHBACK

I decided I'd build a house for Thealda and me in my spare time. So I worked on our house on nights and weekends and I had a regular job working eight hours a day.

TP: He'd come in and eat a bite and go work on the house until 11:00 or 11:30. One night he didn't come in, he didn't come in, and I was walking the floor. I had no car. I thought, "What am I going to do?" I was afraid he'd sawed his arm off or something. The house was over on Virginia Avenue, over by the university, near the site of the Bud Walton Arena. I called the police and I said, "Do you have anyone on patrol over by Virginia Avenue?" I told them about him working and that I was afraid he'd cut his arm off or something. And they said, "We'll check on him, ma'am." Arlie looked up and saw two patrolmen coming in and thought, "My gosh, what have I done?" The patrolmen said, "You'd better go home. Your wife's worried about you." He forgot about the time that night.

AP: But you know, we got that house finished. Before we moved in Hugh Kincaid, who had a real estate office, came by. He had had a shoe store on the square at one time. Anyway, he came over one day and said he'd like to list the house. Bottom line, he had it sold in no time. There were a lot of people interested in that house. And I decided if you can sell a house that easily, I think I'll just quit my job and go in this full time. And Hugh Kincaid helped me, too. He told me that if I wanted to do that, he would furnish the money if I would furnish the labor, and we would split the profit. In a year or two we built a house over on Cleburn and a duplex on Louise and sold that. There was a lumber yard in town, Sandford and Green, Harry Sanford, and P. R. Green, just

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS



Thealda and Arlie in their courting days (courtesy Thealda and Arlie Pennington).

north of the old Times office. I found out Mr. Sanford would advance me money if I bought all my materials from him, and he'd charge me ten percent whether it was a week or a month or six months, it was ten percent. Pretty high interest rate

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when you think about it. But I was glad to get it. When I found out I could do that, I decided to go on my own and I did. After I built that house and sold it so quickly, I never did run out of work. I just had a couple of people to begin with. I guess the maximum number of people we had on the payroll was forty-five. It was usually more like six or eight. We built twelve or fifteen houses a year for forty years. In my semi-retirement I've continued to build. I've got one going right now that's just about complete. I've met some real interesting people in my house-building years. I've enjoyed working with a lot of these people. There was one, two, or three percent who were hard to please, but for the most part people have been really nice. I had one man who wanted me to build him a house. When I told him the cost he came up that far out of this chair and said, "I gotta go." But I said, "If you'll wait just a minute and if you want to we can get the price down. So he said, "All right, let's see what we can do." So we got together on a price. I contracted everything. I didn't do anything cost plus. And that's taking a risk, but you get along with your customers better because they know up front what it's going to cost. If you do a cost plus, sometimes they don't have enough money. I just tell them the awful truth up front. I don't want people mad at me. I give them a price, and if they don't want to spend that much, they can do it another way and we're still friends.

TP: He built some of the houses Cy Sutherland, Paul Young, and many other architects designed, including a house for Frank Broyles designed by Fay Jones.

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS



Thealda and Arlie Pennington, center, with children Rowena Morrison and James Ronald Pennington (courtesy Thealda and Arlie Pennington).

AP: But mainly people would come in with a plan in a magazine and say, "I want it like this except change this bedroom and extend it out a couple of feet here. In this on-the-job training after the service I learned drafting and I could do house plans and still do.

TP: At one time Arlie had just the one truck and it needed overhauling. We didn't have the money to do it. His uncle was a mechanic, so he built a house (labor only) for his uncle for overhauling the truck.

AP: It was a small house, of course.

TP: He worked eighteen hours a day for all his life. He didn't have much time for the children's activities.

GG: I want to get your children's names.

FLASHBACK

TP: James, James Ronald Pennington is our son..

AP: He's a civil engineer and has his master's in soils. He works for me now and I think he wants to be a builder. He worked as a civil engineer for about fifteen years. He's really got the knowledge that a builder can use.

TP: And our daughter is Rowena. Morrison is her last name. Her husband is a minister and a missionary.

GG: Where and when did you two meet?

TP: Right after I got out of high school and Arlie got out of the service. We met through a friend. We dated a short time and then we got married and started the building business.

GG: You met here in Fayetteville?

TP: Yes. I went to school in Farmington. That's where my family lived.

GG: What year did you marry?

TP: Forty-six. While he was working I went to business college. That did help me do the book work for Arlie.

AP: We had our office in our house most of the time. Having the office in our home meant we'd get a lot of sales people coming and Thealda would feed them. Some of them had a habit of coming around mealtime.

TP: They'd say, "Do you have any chocolate pie today?" If you ever give it to them once, they'll want it from then on. I make it the way my mom made it. I prefer whipped cream on top to meringue but mom always had meringue.

TP: Paula Marinoni is trying to save my old home place on the Historic Register. It's out there at Farmington. It's the second oldest place in the area and is known as the Woolsey Homestead. The property was homesteaded in 1830 and the timbers show that the house was built in the 1842. My dad

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS

lived there all his life, almost one hundred years. Now the city has bought the property for a sewage disposal plant.



The Woolsey Homestead at Farmington (courtesy Thealda Pennington).

AP: Back to something else—by having the office in our home meant that people came to the house when they wanted to build. Sometimes they wanted to buy our house, but Theala never wanted to sell. The more she did not want to sell, the more they wanted it.

TP: I had to be dressed and ready by 7 A.M. because the salesmen and the men all went to work by 7:30.

AP: I remember Fayetteville, like anybody my age, as a whole lot different than it is today. The trees on North College made a canopy over the street. Dickson Street was brick. I remember the old wagon yard west of the square where a lot of farmers would park their wagons when they

FLASHBACK

came to town. It was next to the Stone House on Center Street. The thing I can remember about that area is that they used to have medicine shows there. They'd have something to draw people in, music or a stage play or something, and at intermission they'd sell their medical products that would cure just about anything you had wrong with you. I don't know what they had in them.

GG: How about the square? Of course it's changed so much.

AP: There were two theaters on the square—one on the south side and one on the east side. I remember them well because my brother and I would go to the show on weekends. You could go for a dime. We would work all week to try to get ahead that much so we could go to the show. At the end they always had a serial that continued, where the hero would get run off over a cliff or something, and you just had to go back to see what happened.

TP: Sometimes you could get in for a potato.

AP: Yes, they had potato shows. They'd give the potatoes to a charity. I remember when the football field was a dump for trash.

GG: You're talking about Razorback Stadium?

AP: Yes. My brother and I would go through there sometimes looking for aluminum cans, pieces of copper. We'd go down to Ozark Salvage and sell them and get some money to go to the show. The business at that time was located where the bus station is now.

GG: When you lived at Mount Comfort did you have a well?

AP: There certainly wasn't any city water. It was from a spring. Some of the places had wells.

TP: We had a well out at Farmington.

CONVERSATION WITH THE PENNINGTONS

GG: Do you remember your first home with electricity?

AP: There were several before electricity. Let me think about that. I remember when the REA [Rural Electrification Administration] did that. That was one of FDR's things, things like Ozark Electric, putting electricity in all these houses out in the country, and that was going on, I think, in the mid-thirties. Thealda, do you remember when you first got electricity out there in Farmington?

TP: I was about eight or nine. We nearly worried the guy to death. All of us little girls followed him around watching everything he did.

AP: He didn't put anything in except lights, did he?

TP: That's all. Before that we had only kerosene lamps. My grandmother had an aladdin lamp. We envied that because it gave more light.

AP: It was still kerosene but it had a circular wick—a standard kerosene lamp just had a bowl and one little wick.

GG: Do you have any pictures I can use? You probably didn't have a camera. But a lot of people had their pictures made in those days.

AP: At the fair they had a booth where you could take your own picture. I think it cost a dime. I still have one of those. Whatever happened to that picture?

TP: [showing photographs] I found these over at my sister's house. That's why I had them out now. We had copies made.

GG: How did your mother cook?

AP: On a wood stove. I grew up cutting wood for that thing.

GG: It was your heat, too, wasn't it?

AP: Yes, even when you didn't want it. My mother heated her iron on it too. That iron worked pretty good in the

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wintertime. She'd wrap a blanket around it and put it down at the foot of the bed when it was real cold.

AP: You know, people have been pretty good to me and I've been lucky building houses. I've kind of made up for all those awful houses we lived in it by living in some pretty nice ones now for forty years.

GG: That may have motivated you to build nice houses. Did your mother do canning?

AP: Oh yes, she canned everything she could get her hands on. And if wasn't for that we'd have probably starved. Lee and I picked berries in the spring and early summer, dew berries, blackberries, strawberries, anything you can think of we'd pick and she would can. She was a good provider.

GG: How'd she do the washing?

AP: The old washing machine was a tub out in the yard, a cast iron wash pot like everybody had, and you'd fill that with water and build a fire under it and get it hot for your clothes. She'd even make her soap.

GG: What was it made of?

AP: Lye and fat off the pork. She'd cook it and cook it and when it got hard, she'd cut it into bars. When we could get a bar of store-bought soap we thought we were uptown. I hope nobody I know of has to go through what I did, but you know, it seems awful, but I think in a way maybe it conditioned us so we might have lived a little differently from that experience we had as a child. At least what things we get ahead in, houses or whatever, you appreciate it more. I'd hate for anybody to have to go through that though.

AP: It's been nice visiting with you.

GG: Thank you both very, very much.

BOOK REVIEW

Fayetteville, Arkansas, in the Civil War. by Russell L. Mahan
(Heritage Books, Bountiful, Utah, 2003. Photographs, notes, and
index. Pp. 143. \$20.00)

Mahan's book is written from an anecdotal approach, which gives the reader a sense of hearing the story as it is related by those who participated. The author did extensive research and uses firsthand accounts as the framework from which he suspends his narrative. Reading the book, I relived my early childhood, when I was fortunate to have a great-grandfather still living, who was a veteran of the Civil War. Sitting by his side, I was told many heroic stories and also sad ones, making me feel as though I had experienced the events he described. This book affords the reader a similar experience.

Mahan divides his book into five sections, each one describing one year of the war, from 1860 to 1865. He illustrates the accounts with numerous photographs and maps to set time and place for the reader. There are also many beautiful photographs of the persons who related the events as they experienced them. The reader has a sense of connection to the speakers.

A number of facts not known to this reviewer come to light. For example, Washington County was named not only for the first president of the United States, but also for the Washington family in Fayetteville, who were cousins of the Father of our Country. Readers can glean many such tidbits from the book, which makes delightful reading.

The narrative recounts the rapid changes which were undergone by Northwest Arkansas in the wake of the ravages of the war. In 1860 Fayetteville was less than forty years old but

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already was nicknamed the "Athens of Northern Arkansas." It contained no less than four institutions of higher learning, two each for men and women; ninety-seven percent of the population was literate; and there were numerous churches and cultural opportunities. The following year most of the men left to fight on one side or the other. In 1862 the town was occupied by the Southern forces. The famed Battle of Fayetteville occurred in 1863. In 1864 the town was burned by retreating armies and looted by scavengers from both sides. In 1865 quiet returned to a devastated populace. A large number of the younger women had died, and their male counterparts were lost. The occupants were mostly the old and the very young. Theirs was the task of rebuilding. A poignant observation is quoted from Adeline Blakeley. She was given as a small child as a slave to the Blakeleys on their marriage. They raised her in their home, and she became one of their family. Blakeley lived with the family all her life until her death in 1945. Of the aftermath of the Civil War in Fayetteville she said, "The Federals stayed on for a long time. Fences were down, houses were burned, stock was gone, but we got along somehow."

This is a book meant to be read aloud to one's listeners. It is available in the Washington County Historical Society Bookstore at the Headquarters House in Fayetteville and will make a wonderful addition to the home library.

Carolyn Duty Banks



Flash Back

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